

# Puck

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## GIVING THE OTHER FELLOW A CHANCE.

OLD MR. NEW ENGLAND (*querulously*).—Here, hold on there! I'm your steady company.  
MISS COTTON-MILLS (*sweetly*).—Yes; but that does n't mean I'm not to receive the attentions of other eligible young men!



OF ONE MIND.

"WHAT'S TO hinder me," inquired  
He, with sudden show of boldness;  
(Love, anon, with courage fired  
Him, despite her coyness, coldness!)  
"From kissing you, though I repent it?  
Let your rage take flame like tinder,  
None is near us to resent it,—  
What's to hinder?"

"What's to hinder?" without parley,  
Hesitation, echoed Mabel,—  
With the far-off look that Jarley  
Gives her figures,—"if you're able;"  
(And she knew him for faint-hearted  
Though with fiercest eyes he pinned her)  
"As you say, indeed,"—he started—  
"What's to hinder?"

Edward W. Barnard.

THE REASON that Tammany rule was a failure, as a rule, is that it only ruled one way.



CONSIDERATE.

MR. SUBBUBS (*of Lonesomehurst*).—Mary, I want you to have the dog chained down in the cellar; give the baby some paregoric to make her sleep; don't let the children make the least particle of noise; stop the ticking of those clocks, and have the squeaking hinges of that gate greased.

MRS. SUBBUBS (*surprised*).—Why all this absolute quiet, John?

MR. SUBBUBS.—Why, a family from Philadelphia moved into that house this afternoon, and we must make things as home-like as possible for them until they get used to the bustle and activity out here



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

STEPHEN STONEWALL.—What ye doin' with that there winder?  
CALEB CROSSLOTS.—I took it off the woodshed, an' I'm goin' down to the city to sell it.

STEPHEN STONEWALL.—Who'd buy it?

CALEB CROSSLOTS.—Father was readin' in the paper that there's goin' to be a big parade to-morrow, an' folks is givin' as high as fifty dollars for a winder!

A HARLEM HARBINGER.

MR. FLATTE.—You can put aside your heavy clothing, Caroline.

MRS. FLATTE (*in surprise*).—Why, the Winter is n't over yet!

MR. FLATTE.—Oh, yes, it is! They've got the steam-pipes in perfect working order now, the janitor tells me.

A PLAINT.

THE END of the Century Maid! The end of  
the Century Maid!  
She's tall and she's slim, she belongs to a  
"gym,"  
And she's learning to box, I'm afraid.

The end of the Century Maid! The  
people of nothing else prate;  
How she reads and she talks, how  
she rides and she walks,  
Oft in bloomers, I'm sorry to state.

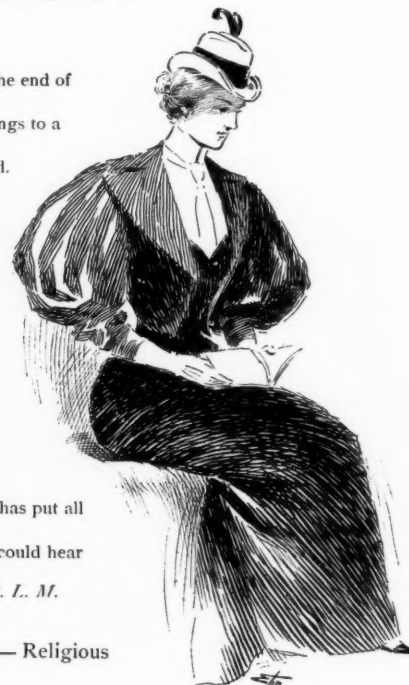
The end of the Century Maid! The  
gush of the weird "Woman's  
Page,"

The twaddle of "teas," talks on  
chalk and on cheese,  
Her importance in art, on the stage.

The end of the Century Maid! She has put all  
the men in the shade,  
Till sometimes, I fear, we wish we could hear  
The end of the Century Maid!

R. L. M.

SLIPPERS FOR THE PASTOR.—Religious  
Backsliders.







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## CLUB HOSPITALITY.

HOBSON (*at Club reception*).—Say, who is that man over there? He's been standing around with his hands in his pockets all the evening, and not a soul has noticed him.

DOBSON.—I guess he must be a guest of the Club.

## THE SLEEPY DAY.

(A Boy's Thought.)



THE DAY is growing dull and sleepy,  
While twilight's tide about it flows;  
Among the misty hosts of shadows  
It's nodding to repose.

I see the white star softly rising  
In sparkling beauty overhead—  
The kind old nurse with the candle,  
To light the day to bed.

R. K. Munkittrick.

## AN EXPLANATION.

STRANGER IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.—What a terrific noise in there! Shrieks and shouts, crying and laughter, all mixed.

MRS. HOOLIHAN.—Yis, sor; 't is Tim Keegan's wake. (*proudly.*) There's no wan enj'ys a t'ing of thot kind loike the Oirish, sor!

## THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMAN.

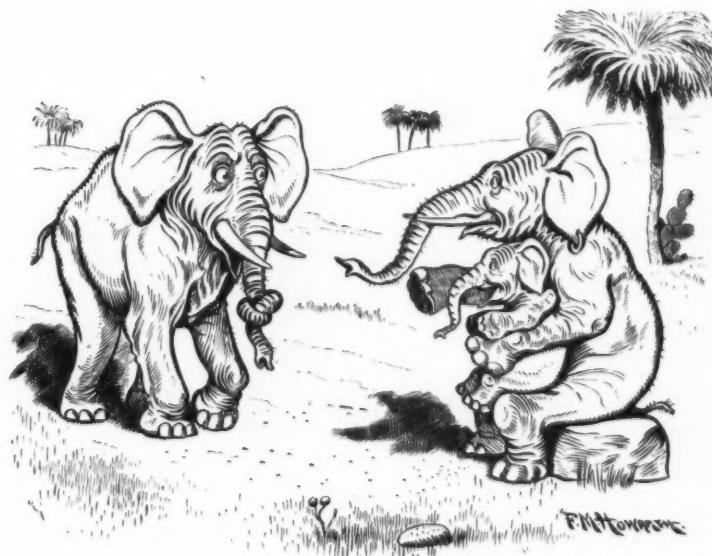
ADA.—Men are so slow! It took him nearly two hours to propose to me last night.

HELEN.—And how long did it take you to accept him, dear?

ADA.—Just two seconds!

TO ERECT a monument to a man during his lifetime, would, at least, increase by one the number of possible anonymous subscribers.

WITH MOST of us, it is up to-day and down to-morrow, and the day after and many succeeding days.



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## HELPS TO MEMORY.

MRS. ELEPHANT (*after tying knot in her spouse's trunk*).—There, now! I guess you won't forget again to bring the baby home some of those cocoanuts when you go down to the jungle.

## THE GOLD BRICK.



THE GOLD BRICK, with all its shining exterior, which so dazzles the rural visitor who comes from a distance, is not without its co-existing parallel. The farmer, whose triumphs warrant us in alluding to him as a doctor of agriculture, is, himself, so to speak, a purveyor of a gold brick which finally reaches and is successfully vended on the urban pave. For, does n't he produce, after much manipulation and hard thwacking of the soil, a turnip which is a marvel of golden beauty without and a mass of stringy pulp within? Does n't he shape the development of the predatory turkey with a loving hand, until, like the Dead Sea Apple, it is rosily enamelled on the surface, which breathes not the slightest suggestion of the meretricious character of the underlying meat? It is

so that the great purchaser of gold bricks, the gnarled and hardy farmer, projects himself into the city and disposes of his own gold

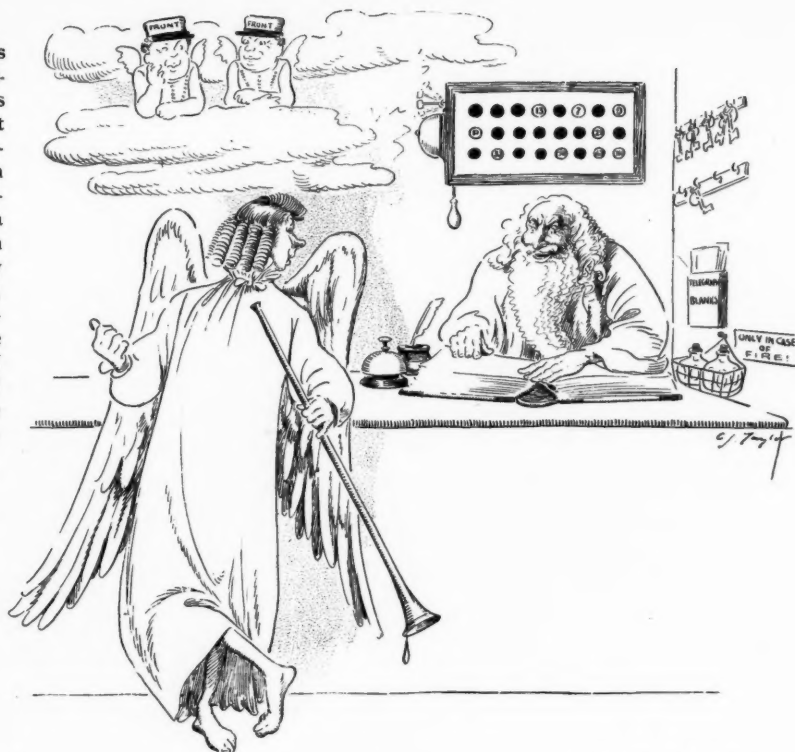
bricks to the man who has always lived in town and does n't know the difference between a Shanghai rooster and a hay-rake. But it is not the bronzed son of bucolic toil alone who produces the thing which, while not a gold brick as regards conformation, is still a gold brick in spirit.

The man who goes about selling a book on commission, exhibits a cover of alluring magnificence, and illustrations that almost baffle criticism, which he tries to make you believe, by most persuasive eloquence, is a guarantee of the merit of the context. The veneer of gold is laid on the cover with great skill, and the agent so clothes his words in the gold of mellifluous argument as to completely cover their lining of brass. And yet you may be disgusted with yourself for buying it; but you are not in the mood that weighs you down with sorrow after you have purchased a gold brick which is really no more a gold brick than the book is. Your friends don't laugh at you, but extend their sympathy if some crafty and diplomatic dealer sells you a box of Havana cigars, each of which cigars is only Havana in the wrapper. If a man should sell some statesman a tub of oleomargarine on the strength of a sample of fine butter projected into his face on the point of the professional rapier, no newspaper would treat it as a fine joke; but let that statesman buy that which is considered the only true gold brick, and his purchase will take its place in and become a part of history.

The epicurean French label that wakes a Bacchanalian smile on the face of the lover of good things is the gold wash that makes dear the brass of the Long Island *Pontet Canet* with which the bottle is filled. There is a quality of gold about the label that so well covers the brass that you are apt to believe that in purchasing it you only give gold and receive gold in return.

And perhaps it is fortunate for many of us that the illusion of the gold lasts even after time has worn it off the brass. There is nothing else like such an illusion for our general happiness. It is like that illusion of childhood, during which the child is positive that the circus clown is funny, and that the keeping of a candy store is the most glorious and elevating enterprise a man can go into. Why should we be made unhappy by the discovery that our ten-dollar trousers are half cotton, and realize that the cotton bears the same relation to the wool that the brass in the brick does to the gold? If our golden dreams are thus to be rudely turned into brass nightmares, we may learn that all is not gold that comes in the shape of a brick, or is in any way like a brick by reason of its solidity.

The gold of knowledge is often



## FORCE OF HABIT.

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GABRIEL.—The new arrival is a New Yorker.

ST. PETER.—How do you know?

GABRIEL.—He arrived here Sunday morning, and gave three raps on the side-door.

a thin veneer that glistens on the brass of impudence, and even golden grains of wisdom are not so golden in fruit if one endeavors to live according to their teaching. Almost every thing that glitters is a gold brick. Sometimes the cooking is such that a golden buck seems like a brass buck. Therefore, go in for brass and you'll succeed. Brass bedsteads and brass candlesticks are usually as represented. They may be hollow, but they never turn out to be gold. The brass of the pretender is genuine, for gold can not be made to adhere to it. Letters of brass and the brass-back rooster are the things that stand out like the padding on a chorus girl, and shine like the immortal stars among the highly-burnished bricks that beset our worldly path.

R. K. Munkittrick.

## DISAPPOINTED.

CLARA.—Have n't you found Lent very dull?

LUCY.—Very! None of the girls in our church seem to take the least interest in getting up any kind of amusement.

## ANSWERING THE CRITICISM.

ROBINSON.—There's a great deal of complaint about that entertainment for the church. They say five hundred tickets were sold, and the hall would only hold three hundred people.

MRS. ROBINSON.—Well, why did n't the others come early?

BABIES SHOULD never put a gift horse in the mouth.

RANTER.—"Architecture is frozen music," they say.

MANAGER.—It's not so! Four operas that I managed struck frosts, but they certainly did n't result in houses of any sort.



## IT DID N'T WORK.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Got any tobacco, Dusty?

DUSTY RHODES.—'Nuff fer one chew.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Let's chuck up ter see who'll have it.

DUSTY RHODES.—Wot's ther use? I know I've got it—an' you know you hain't got it.

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## HIS HEROS.

(Aubrey, loquitur.)

OLLY! My mother does n't know  
What good times I have, you bet!  
Or where o' Saturdays I go,  
'N' I ain't goin' tell her yet.

For, what does mothers know 'bout boys?  
Think they ought to look like girls,  
An' fix 'em up like Fauntleroy's —  
Want to see 'em wearin' curls.

The "Injun Killers" — *that's* my crowd! —  
Hang out round the tan-yard shed —  
Buck Brown an' Double-Jointed Dowd,  
Wot kin kick things off his head.

An' Chalkey White, a nigger boy,  
Yet he 's a member, just the same,  
Like Scotty Smith an' Mickey Foy,  
Or crippled Dick Malone, 'at 's lame.

An' Buck Brown 's got a pistol — Phew!  
He 's 'lected capt'in jest fer that;  
It 's seven-shooter, twenty-two —  
One time I seen him shoot a cat!

Buck Brown 's a feller awful nice,  
You ought to see *him* a-doin' stunts;  
He licked Yeller Hammer Rice  
Fer givin' me Injun turnip once.

Gee-whizz! He 's smart; he 's got a stack  
Of Nickel Lib'ries he 's read through,  
'Bout Denver Dan an' Pinto Jack;  
He 's goin' to let me read 'em, too.

An' once I tumbled in the vat;  
But he, *he* would n't let me drown —  
Say, if my mother knew of that,  
Would she be kind to poor Buck Brown?

Roy L. McCardell.

THE MAN who commits suicide for love perpetrates a slur on  
all the women in the world except one.



## SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN, TOO.

MRS. HASHLEIGH. — Such a gentleman, that Mr. Hallrume was! Never complained if *he* had no towels, never sneered at the prunes or made remarks about the napkins. But for his one great fault I'd never have let him leave the house.

FORTH FLOHR. — Oh! he had a fault, had he?

MRS. HASHLEIGH. — Yes; he thought if he sat around praising things, it was n't necessary to pay board.



## THE END AND THE MEANS.

MRS. KIDDER (*coming in*). — Gracious! Henry, what are you beating on the dish-pan in that terrible way for?

MR. KIDDER (*angrily*). — What am I doing it for? Gosh blame it! for the same reason I've had to do it ever since you went out — to keep the baby quiet!

## THE EDITORIAL "WE."

IRATE SUBSCRIBER (*bursting into the sanctum*). — Where is the editor? I have come to whip him! Ar-r-r-r-r!

EDITOR *Hawville Clarion*. — All right, sir! We will attend to your case in a few moments, and —

SUBSCRIBER. — Hold on! Hold on! I'll take it all back if there are two of you for me to fight.

## CIVIC PRIDE.

FIRST CITIZEN. — We've had some dry Sundays lately.

SECOND CITIZEN. — I should say so! I could n't find a place open yesterday. Never felt so mortified — had a man from Philadelphia with me.

FULL MANY a rich leather pocket-book,  
With the clasps of shimmering gold,  
The exact car-fare of the blushing maid,  
And not a cent more, doth hold.



THE BREEZES of Wall Street are not tempered to the shorn lamb.

EVERY GREAT achievement of humanity seemed, at first, a Utopian dream.

IT TAKES a very rich American to be small enough to make a second-hand Englishman.

SOME MEN are so close that they consider even a liberal education to be extravagant.

## SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

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MISS INSTILE.—Give me an orchestra-seat on the very front row, please—I want to avoid those big hats.



"There! This is just the thing,—no hats to look over, here!"



(But when the orchestra came in, and Herr Geigen-spiel, the bass viol, stood directly in front of her, she had to take her own medicine.)

## "OL' NUTMEG'S" SAYINGS.

A MAN STANDIN' six feet in his stockin's must either hev tarnal small feet or else six pairs uv stockin's on.

WE ALL enjoy, uv course, hearin' the sweet-toned singer or the silver-tongued orator; but, arter all, who is there amongst us thet does n't like the soun' uv his own voice best?

SARCUMSTANCES ALTER cases; but, at the same time, cases hev b'en known to alter sarcumstances.

THE MORE haste the longer yeou hev to wait for suthin' to turn up, pervidin' yeou are ahead uv time.

EF WISHES wuz hosses they'd be druv to death on the fust stretch.

IN MY opinion, the wit thet comes too late, known ez fools' wit, is a plaguey sight better than the wit thet comes too quick.

Joe Cone.

SWEAR NOT at all,—neither by heaven nor by earth—by nothin', in fact, unless by yourself, where no one will hear you.

AT LAST the wooden horse was finished. "How," mused Agamemnon, the king, "can we get the thing within the walls of Troy and not arouse the suspicions of the enemy?"

"I suggest," quoth the wily Odysseus, "that we tell them it is a folding-bed."



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## HER TENDER HEART.

She had been married to the Count just a month.

"Why," he asked one day, "do you not call me 'dear'?"

"Because—," she smiled sweetly and patiently;—"I don't want to hurt your feelings." For the hundredth time her mind reverted to the terms of the marriage settlement.

## THE VAGARIES OF LOVE.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—It seems a pity that after studying so many years, and just as she was getting a practice, she should marry this interesting young invalid she was treating.

MRS. PARK.—I can't understand it at all, my dear; and, just think! he was her best-paying patient.

## ACCOUNTED FOR.

"I wonder why Mr. Ainsent shows his age so much this last year or two?"

"Oh, because he's struggling so to look young!"

THERE IS nothing one can get accustomed to quicker than luxury.

"IS THE medicine hard to take?"

"No. Just as easy as the cold was."

A FAST man easily runs into debt.

THE CHICAGO aristocrat is a real lard of creation.

"A DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT"—The Country Parson.

OF TWO evils, we choose the lesser when the greater has fewer attractions.

THERE IS but one perfect man—her first husband.

IT WOULD be a greater triumph to unbeard the lion in his den, and produce the whiskers as proof.





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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### A CRUELTY OF THE CHURCH.

SOME FEW years ago, in the year after the great epidemic of Grip had ravaged this country and Europe, optimistic people were emboldened to hope that a sunburst of nineteenth century enlightenment had flashed a mighty ray into the darkened corridors of the Vatican. Pope Leo XIII, in issuing his rules and regulations for the observance of Lent among the faithful of his flock, had taken official cognizance that many thousands of his sheep were suffering from the lasting strain of that terrible disease, and that many thousand more had been weakened in body and spirit by the trials and labors incident to the sickness and death of others. In view of this fact, he graciously permitted a material relaxation in the rigors of the fasting season; and permitted the poor sheep to nibble a little more nourishing food than they had ever enjoyed before in that much-dreaded annual period of forty days and forty nights. Nay, he enjoined upon them that they should eat enough to keep up their strength and health. And such a rational and liberal deliverance was it, coming whence it did, that it really seemed as if the optimists had something substantial to base their hopes upon.

But, if there ever was any foundation, it has vanished year by year. The sheep, it seems, were to feed up for that occasion only, and were fattening solely for the good of the fold, so as to remain profitable sheep to the shepherd. This year the severities of the lenten fast are worse than usual; and the burden of these severities falls hard upon the working people of the Catholic faith in the United States, and especially upon the working women. In Italy, where the peasant who eats meat once a week considers himself in luck, he finds it no great hardship when he is told he can't have it any oftener; for he could n't if he wanted to. But in this country, where the daily eating of meat is the rule and not the exception, and where the trying climate — especially in late Winter and Spring — calls for a generous consumption of animal food, it is a positive cruelty to deprive hard-working women of the mainstay of their health and strength. The bulk of the Catholics in this country are working-folk; and perhaps the most of the working-women are to be found in domestic service. The tasks of these women are often arduous, and their hours of labor are comparatively long. To make such women go for nearly a month and a half, at the most unhealthful time of the year, on what is practically a starvation diet of the most innutritious kinds of food, is a barbarism of bigotry worthy only of the middle ages. There is not a house-keeper in the country who employs Catholic servants who can not testify that the poor women come out of this long period of privation worn out, weak of body, irritable and discouraged in mind; and bodily and spiritually unfitted for the performance of their duties and for the natural enjoyment of life. Moreover, their unnatural abstinence being over, they fall into excesses of diet which are responsible for much of the mortality that we have grown accustomed to associate with the first weeks of Spring. There ought to be enough Catholics of position, influence and wealth, in this country to raise an effectual protest against the further imposition of penances adapted to European conditions upon American working folk. If there are, and if they refuse to make such a protest, they must blame themselves only if their fellow-citizens of other religious faiths continue to look upon the administration of their church as a relic of old-world and old-time cruelty and oppression.

### THREE GREAT NEWSPAPERS.

NEVER HAVE the lights of journalism glowed more luminously in this darkened community than when they were turned upon the private lives of the Gould and the de Castellane families. Not only were we privileged to read of the social functions that preceded the marriage of the younger Miss Gould and de Count de Castellane, but the daily walks, drives, shopping tours, appearance, appetites, personal habits, religion, emotions and *lingerie* of the interested have been minutely analyzed and portrayed for us. Where indefatigable care as to accuracy and exhaustiveness has been so evenly observed, comparisons would clearly be invidious; yet we can not refrain from mentioning the *Morning Journal*, the *World* and the *Herald*, as deserving especial praise for their thoroughness. It is an act of simple justice to thus distinguish these three great newspapers, whose fidelity to the highest ideals of journalism has always been notable. We could not, however, even if we would, decide which of the three has shown itself the most able in this interesting affair. Each has excelled in some peculiar and often perilous line of research. To those who would carelessly award

the palm to the *Morning Journal* for printing in facsimile an alleged personal and private letter written by Miss Gould to her fiancé, we would recall the fact that an editor of the *World* tried to have a picture of Miss Gould in her wedding gown stolen from the *Herald* office. It is true that the theft was prevented, but mere success was not requisite to crown so brilliant an effort. The glory lay in its conception. Few other journalists in New York would have had the wit to plan so ingenious a piece of work. But it must not be forgotten that the *Herald* distinguished itself by reporting, verbatim, conversations between members of the two families concerned, which must have taken place when no reporter, as a reporter, could have been present. Faithfully did it put out day after day, engaging accounts of the innermost workings of the Gould household. It is a pity that so versatile a reporter as the member of the *Herald* staff that handled the Gould assignment should not have been a mind-reader along with his other accomplishments. Then we should have had still more entertaining accounts of conversations held in closed, rapidly-driven carriages, and in the Gould boudoirs and drawing rooms. As it was, this astonishing fellow disguised himself successively as a carriage cushion, an English butler, a piano lamp with red skirts, a porcelain cuspidor, a chandelier, a marble-topped wash stand, an escritoire and a slop jar. Of course there are super-sensitive people who will denounce as vulgar and impertinent the stories with which these papers have favored us. They will say that Mr. Gould, having a passion for society, has an undoubted right to buy his way through its portals with his money or his sister or anything else that is legal tender with society; and that if he does not show the same shrewdness in driving his bargain that the late Jay Gould displayed in accumulating other people's railroads, it is nobody's business but his own. But such people are simply stupid.

### NO HASTE.

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," you know."

"That does n't apply to us. We are going to have the Episcopal service."

IN THESE days "charity" is not in it with "business" in covering a multitude of sins.

THE DIFFERENCE between a natural resentment and spite is the difference between us and other people.

IN THE bright lexicon of the grocer, even allspice is adulterated until it is not all spice.



### A SLIGHT DISTINCTION.

SENATOR SIDERS. — What made Senator Wayback withdraw his bill? Did n't he say he would never give up until monopoly was killed?

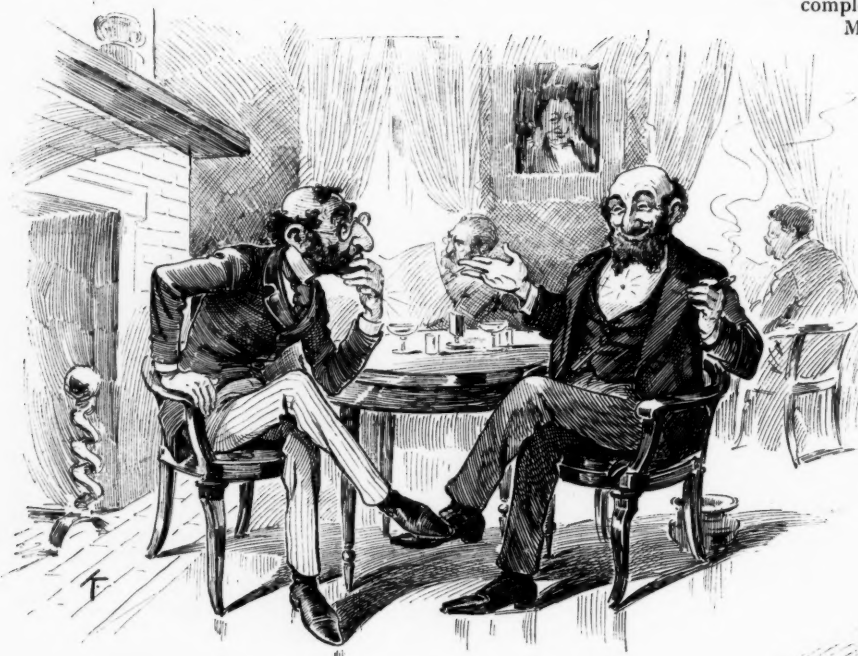
LOBBYIST. — Not exactly; he said he would n't yield until the monopoly "gave up."







CAN'T RATTLE HIM.



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#### IMPROVED PROSPECTS.

MR. BLENHEIMER.—I vas retty now to puy dot eloding-store of yours.

MR. GEISTEIN.—You vas too late, mein friendt. Der value has raised. I learnet yesterday dot der fire-engine house vas goin' to be moofed away.

#### A PROTEST.



CONFOUND those plays where, on the stage,  
The actors seem to dine,  
And gnawing hunger assuage  
With scarce a spoken line;  
A Barmecide the feast may be,  
But direful is my plight,  
For it always gives the girl with me  
A dreadful appetite!

#### EXCUSED.

CITYMANN (*spending the day in Lonelyville*).—Did n't it ever strike you that your servant is impertinently inquisitive?

OUTERTOWN.—My dear fellow, it's only the way of a privileged old family retainer; why, would you believe it? That girl has been with us over six weeks!



#### THE DOCTOR COULD N'T CURE IT, EITHER.

IRATE FATHER.—Heaven knows! If I have n't throat trouble, no man ever had!

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#### PUZZLED.

MISS PASSÉE.—I told Mr. Fuljames I rode the bicycle for the good of my complexion, and he said it would be impossible to improve *my* looks.

MISS TERRY.—Well?

MISS PASSÉE.—I'm trying to think if he meant to insult or to compliment me!

#### IT WAS CLEAN-CUT.

"That was a clean-cut editorial of yours on the political situation," said Boggs to the editor of the Quohosh *Paralyzer*.

"Very glad you liked it," was the gratified reply.

"Yes; you cut it out of the New York *Organ*, without changing a line."

#### COMFORTING.

SHE.—Do you love me more than any other girl you ever knew, George?

HE.—Er—I love you more than any other girl who would have me.

BEING ORIGINAL is a great deal like whittling new-shaped baskets out of old chestnut shucks.



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#### OUTDONE.

MR. SNOWBALL.—Tilly, Tilly! Wha' yo' doin' dere wid dem crystals offen dat new lamp?

MRS. SNOWBALL.—Why, I'se done heah dat dat Lize Berry am a-goin' to weah a pair ob Rhine stone ear-rings to de cake-walk to-night, an' I don't let no low-down t'ing like dat git ahead ob me!

#### A DIFFERENCE.

MR. UPTOWNE.—Your flat is heated by steam, I believe?

MR. FOURTHFLOHR.—No, sir; it's not.

MR. UPTOWNE.—Why, you told me it was!

MR. FOURTHFLOHR.—No; what I said was that we had steam radiators in every room.

ONE FACT should be known by him who 'd drink  
From Fortune's golden cup:  
By Fate is the man turned down who waits  
For something to turn up.





**Edward Burgess writes:**

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 2d, 1895.

"Last Fall I was taken with a severe cold—the severest, I think, that I have ever had. It began in the head, but quickly went to the throat and chest, causing a tightness and oppression such as I had never before felt. It was accompanied by a violent cough. I tried several remedies without relief. The oppression continued without abatement, and I felt the conditions were alarmingly favorable for something much more serious than a cold.

"Having found no relief, one morning I thought I would try SALVA-CEA. I had used it for cuts and bruises with great success, but not for any such purpose as this. I spread a quantity on a piece of flannel and placed it on my chest. It is no exaggeration to say that before night, I might almost say before noon, the oppression and tightness were entirely gone, and the fear of any more serious complications had passed. No one could have been more surprised than I was at the suddenness and completeness of the relief."

**W. H. Morse, Therapeutist and Consulting Chemist, certifies:**

"I have enjoyed the opportunity of examining and testing SALVA-CEA, and desire to extend to it my most hearty commendation, both from a chemical and therapeutical standpoint. Its soothing and anæsthetic power, relieving pain, healing injury and acting directly on injured or diseased nerves, renders it invaluable. Without chemical fault, harmless, effective and unique, it is altogether unlike any other preparation of the materia medica."

**R. W. Toulmin, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:**

"I have used SALVA-CEA and find it an invaluable remedy for any kind of irritation, giving instant relief. It is certainly an excellent salve, and I can safely say, no one, after knowing its healing qualities, would be without it."

**William H. James, 39 Seventh Ave., New York, writes:**

"Allow me to express to you my gratitude for inducing me to try SALVA-CEA. I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism for the past twenty years, and have tried almost everything known to the public, and have never found any medicine that would help me for any length of time, until I commenced using SALVA-CEA. Have only used two boxes, and feel like a new man, pain of all descriptions has left me, and I shall always consider it a wonderful remedy, as it has done so much for me. I cheerfully recommend it to my friends."

**O**F all the ills that flesh is heir to few cause more intense suffering than earache. Not only to children, but to grown people, it seems as if malignant sprites were at work tearing up the most sensitive organ of the body.

# Salva-cea,

(TRADE-MARK)

the new **Curative Lubricant**, is just the remedy for such cases. A little of it placed in the ear will give instant relief and permit quiet rest. It will accomplish the same result with

**Neuralgia, Lumbago, Convulsions, Paralysis, Bruises,**

**Pains in the Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema,**

**Burns, Toothache, Boils, Ulcers, Stings,**

and all kindred ills and complaints. It is in truth the most powerful healing agent ever discovered.

Only quite recently has this marvelous remedy been before the public. During this short time the marvelous cures that have been effected and the numerous important testimonials that have been received have been absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world. SALVA-CEA forms a medicine-chest in itself, and is absolutely invaluable in every household.

*Salva-cea should be in every Home, Workshop, Police-station, Hospital and Institution—and wherever a Pain-relieving, Soothing and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.*

**Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass., says:**

"I find it to be an excellent remedy for sprains and bruises, and a very useful external remedy."

**Martha E. Dolloff, No. Windham, Maine, writes:**

"Please send me a box of Salva-cea, this being the third box I have sent for, as it is so wonderfully good I can not be without it."

**W. E. Cannon, Boston, Mass., writes:**

"As I have met with such favorable results from the use of Salva-cea, will you please send me a larger box, and enclosed you will find fifty cents."

**John E. Parsons, Boston, Mass., says:**

"I have been a member of the police force in this city for the past twenty-four years, and consequently am well known to many of its citizens. I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism more or less for forty years; stiffness in the knee joints, and intense pain and lameness of the foot. Some months ago, during a severe attack, I was induced to use your SALVA-CEA, and found its effects to be so marvellous—limbering my joints, removing the pain, and giving me immediate, and, so far, permanent relief.

I am an enthusiast in its efficacy, and recommend it to all my friends. I have also seen wonderful beneficial effects from it in cases of Sore Throat.

If my humble testimony can be the means of benefiting others, you have my permission to use my name in its praise."

**Isaac B. Potter, Chief Consul N. Y. State L. A. W. and President Brooklyn Bicycle Club, writes:**

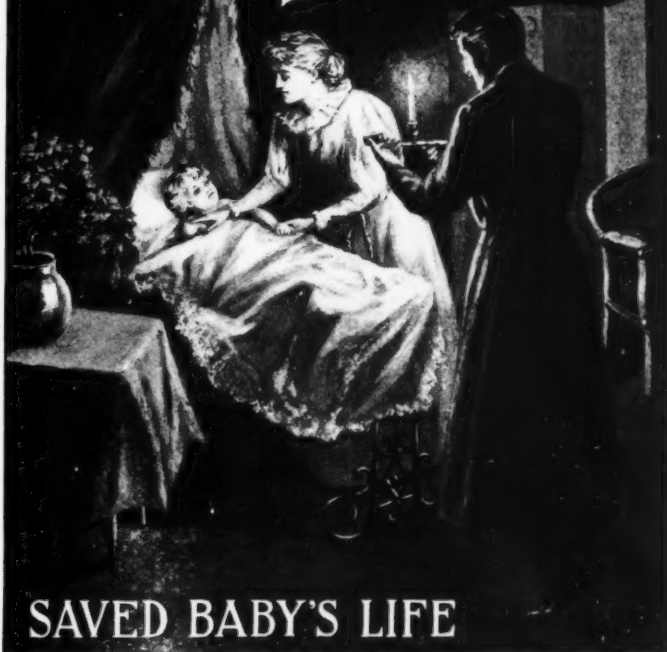
"My desire to render a substantial favor to the Wheelmen of America, impels me to say a good word for SALVA-CEA. For that lameness of muscles which comes to the moderate rider whenever he attempts a long day's run, I have found nothing to be compared with it; while for sprains and bruises its curative and soothing effects are really magical. I heartily recommend it.

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**CROUP** is DANGEROUS  
SOMETIMES FATAL  
*Unless you have*  
**SALVA-CEA**



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A LADY WRITES:—"I have to thank you for the service of your valuable SALVA-CEA, for I can testify with truth it saved the life of my dear baby. It had bronchitis and whooping cough severely after measles. . . . I sent for some, and rubbed it thoroughly on baby's chest, back, and soles of its feet, and in ten minutes the dear little lamb could take nourishment, and is now doing well."

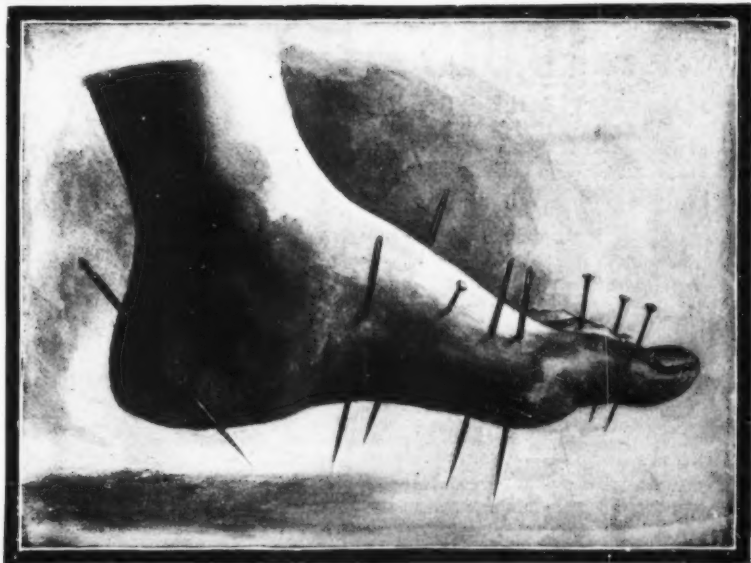
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**CHILBLAINS.**

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NEARLY every one has been wickered enough in his life to feel painfully embarrassed when invited to a mind reading party.—*Atchison Globe.*

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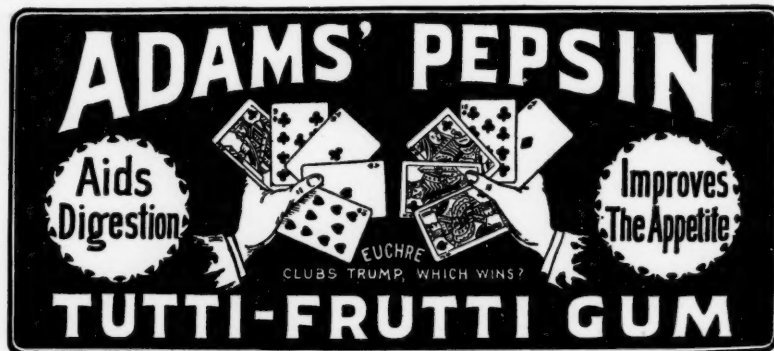
*S. Rae*

THE lines on a man's face are not always traced by care. Dread of work has been known to produce the same result.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I conclude that 's a fly," said the young trout.  
"You are quite right, my dear," said the mother; "but you must n't jump at conclusions. It is a fly, but I doubt if God made it."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

For steady nerves and good sleep use  
Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrine.

The increase in the sales of *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne* is something enormous. Purity and superiority will tell.



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DELAYED AT THE OUTSET.

WING.—Actors, like poets, must be born!

FLIES.—Yes; but the Gerry Society stands 'em off longer.

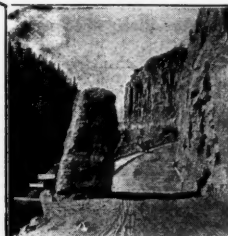
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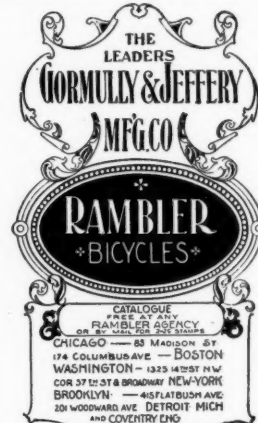
More Interesting than ordinary Whist, because each side has absolutely the same opportunities. A simple and practicable way of ascertaining with certainty the relative superiority of different players.

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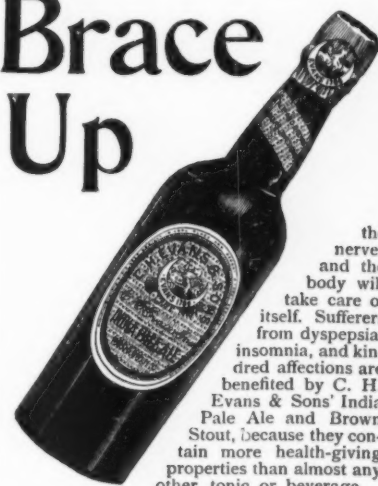
THE FAVORITE, ALWAYS.

LISPENARD.—"I'll bet you can't name the Derby favorite this year?"

STEWART.—"No, I can't, but I can name the favorite Derby. It's the Knox, just as it is every year. I bought this one this morning. It's the new Spring style."

A NEW YORK society woman is said to attract attention on the street by carrying her skye terrier and wiping his muddy feet with a five-dollar lace handkerchief. The probabilities are that the nose of the society woman's baby is wiped on the twenty-five-cent apron of its nurse, without attracting attention.—*Norristown Herald.*

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the nerves and the body will take care of itself. Sufferers from dyspepsia, insomnia, and kindred affections are benefited by C. H. Evans & Sons' India Pale Ale and Brown Stout, because they contain more health-giving properties than almost any other tonic or beverage.

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**THE CHIEF'S MISTAKE.**  
BIG INJUN (admir-  
ingly).—Me like pic-  
ture.  
COLLEGE MAN  
(proudly).—I thought  
you would.  
BIG INJUN.—Heap  
pretty squaw!  
COLLEGE MAN  
(wrathfully).—You  
old heathen! that's a  
portrait of me when I  
belonged to the foot-  
ball team.—*New York  
Weekly.*

**HIS NEW STUDY.**  
LITTLE SISTER.—  
Any new studies this  
term?  
LITTLE BROTHER.  
—One—elocution.  
—What's that?  
—It's learnin' how  
to read a thing so it  
will sound as if you  
was at the other end  
of a drain-pipe.—  
*Street & Smith's Good  
News.*

**PROFESSOR.**—Mr.  
Wakeup, can you tell  
what besides chloride  
of iodine is found in  
salt water?  
WAKEUP.—Why,  
yes; fish.  
—*Yale Record.*

**Pears'**  
If a touch  
is enough,  
why don't it  
last longer?  
You like it  
so well.

**HONEST PRIDE.**  
JOHN'S WIFE.—  
John, I wish you 'd  
saw up some wood for  
the house.  
JOHN.—I wish you  
would n't ask me to do  
such work, Maria;  
sawing wood's a thing  
that even the common-  
est tramp refuses to  
stoop to, and you know  
it.—*South Boston News.*

**ON HISTORIC  
GROUND.**  
—Yes, sir, this is the  
place where the battle  
was fought.  
—Have you any re-  
lics of it?  
—Yes, sir. John,  
mould the gentleman  
about twenty bullets,  
an' tell the blacksmith  
to hammer out a  
bayonet, quick.—*At-  
lanta Constitution.*

**EDITOR.**—Well, did  
you interview Mrs.  
Twaddle, of the Wo-  
man's Rights Club?  
REPORTER.—I saw  
her, and she said she  
had nothing to say.  
—Well, squeeze it  
down into a column;  
we're crowded to-  
day.—*Yonkers States-  
man.*

**Bartholdi**  
the great Sculptor of the Statue  
of Liberty,

writes of  
**VIN MARIANI**

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TATTERED TIM.—  
What does "between  
the devil an' th' deep  
sea" mean?  
MOLDY MIKE.—It's  
the same as bein' be-  
tween a workshop and  
a bath-room.—*New  
York Weekly.*

**SHERIFF'S** advice to  
a merchant—"Don't  
advertise and I'll do  
the rest."—*Profitable  
Advertising.*

**TIME** flies. It seems  
but a few days since a  
woman we know was  
cutting out scraps of  
poetry, and now she  
cuts out only sure  
cures for rheumatism.  
—*Archison Globe.*



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nurse had a great deal  
of experience with  
children?"  
—Yes, I'm sure she  
has; she had n't been  
here two days until my  
boys were afraid to  
look into a dark room."  
—*Inter Ocean.*

After a night with the  
boys  
Yours for a clear head  
—Bromo-Seltzer.

"ARE these the  
gloves you bought for  
the minister's wife as  
a birthday gift?"  
—Mercy, no! I was  
n't able to find any but  
real nice ones.—*Inter  
Ocean.*

PROBABLY ONE of the most essential  
articles of a well-dressed man's attire is  
a stylish hat. To those who wish to be  
in style, and who care to know which is  
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The catalogue is enclosed in a beauti-  
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Morphine Habit Cured in 10  
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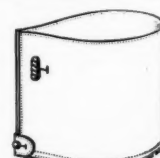
CONSOLING.

FIRST SHIPWRECKED TRAVELER.—A'd to bake it worse, we've both caught awful colds!  
SECOND SHIPWRECKED TRAVELER.—Yes; but there's one consolation we have; we'll dot be beeting  
people every few minutes who'll tell us what to do for it!



**For Aching Backs,**  
or muscular pains, noth-  
ing so speedy, so sure  
as Cuticura Anti-Pain  
Plasters.

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach,  
and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of  
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Doctor prescribed: Castoria!

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from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

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Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

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"Nearly died."  
"Long sickness?"  
"Six weeks."  
"You look bad?"  
"Can't get strong."  
"Yes you can."  
"How?"  
"Take 'Best' Tonic."  
"What's that?"  
"Pabst Malt Extract."  
"Any good?"  
"Nothing like it."  
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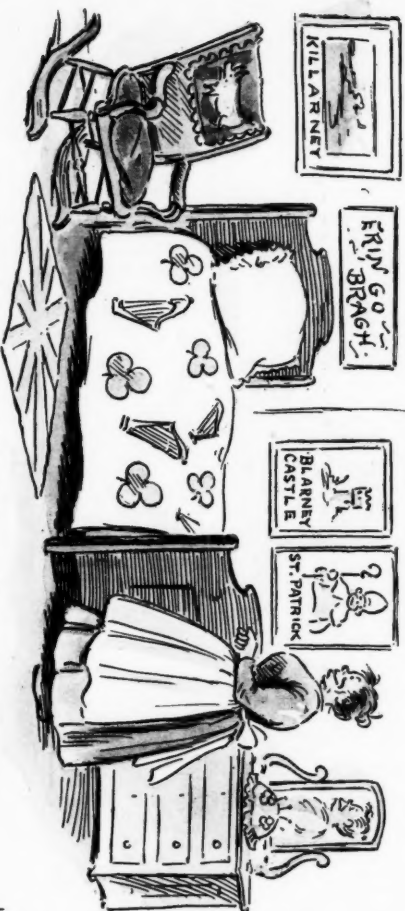
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Makes a picture this size, square, round, or fancy shape. Takes 25 pictures in one loading, snapshot or time exposure. The size of the Camera is 1 1/2 inches; weight, 4 ounces; carry in your pocket. All metal; silver-bronze finish. The Kombi, complete, \$3.50. Strip of film (25 exposures), 25 cents extra. Cost of developing roll of film, 15 cents; cost for printing, 1 cent for each picture. Any boy or girl can use it. Every instrument guaranteed. Indestructible. If not for sale by the dealer sent post-paid on receipt of price.

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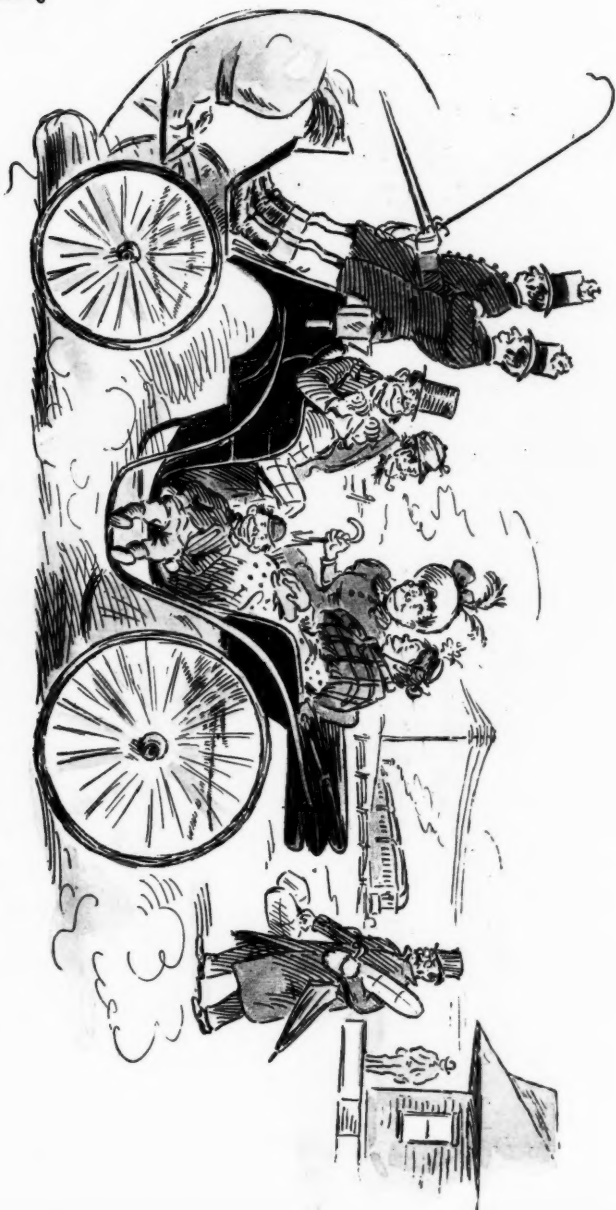
Provide a little music for her, now and then.



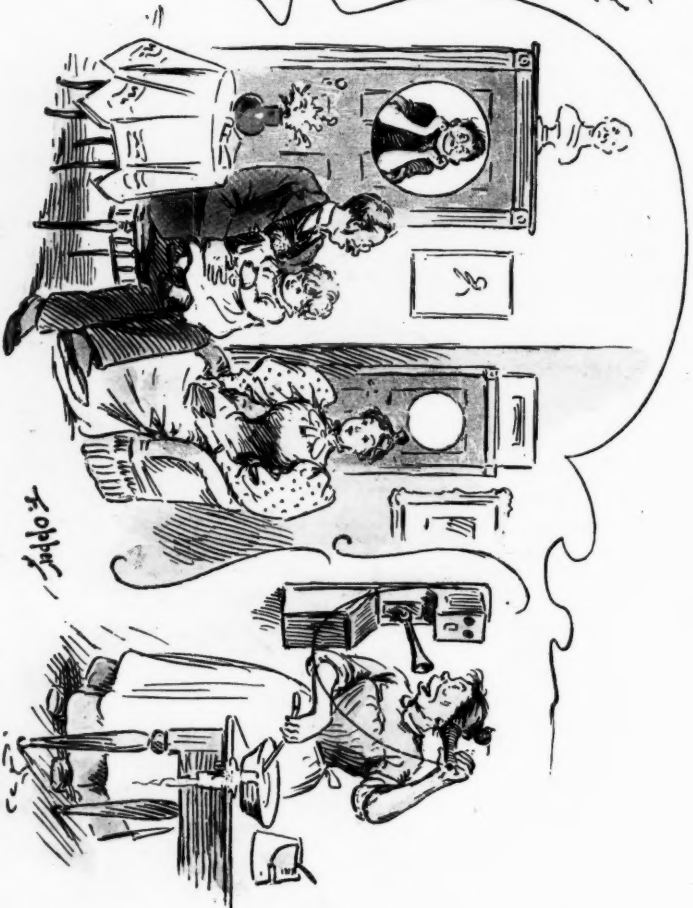
Arrange her room so as to remind her pleasantly of her dear old home.



Fix up your back yard to look as much as possible like a city park; it may reconcile her to living in the country.



Have your carriage at the station to meet her friends when they come to visit her.



Have large holes cut in all the doors, so that she can see and hear everything that goes on without recourse to the keyholes.

# HOW TO KEEP A "GIRL" IN THE COUNTRY—A FEW HINTS FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENTS.

Furnish her telephone connections with some of the neighbors' "girls," so she can indulge in a little gossip, while attending to her duties.